

his wife years before; and it was a comfortable, cheerful western home, and both the aunt and niece seemed perfectly happy, especially the latter, for she was a reigning belle upon the plains, and every young officer at the fort, and handsome scout and hunter that the prairies, loved her dearly, as young as she was, and longed to have her cheer their homes with her bright presence.

But Nina was considerable of a coquette, and even the handsome and dashing Captain Ramsey Raymond could not settle in his own mind whether the little beauty really cared for him, or was playing with his affection.

Returning in safety to her home after her capture by the red-skins, Nina was welcomed with shouts of joy by all, and it was gratifying for her to see that all the young settlers and hunters were forming a band to start to her rescue, and the look of disappointment when they saw her return in safety without their aid, Nina plainly detected.

Determined to be more guarded in the future, and alarmed by the words of the Prairie Rover, Colonel Vernon at once called a council of the settlers, and all arrangements were entered upon for strongly guarding the settlement from a surprise and an attack, and scouts were sent out on duty for miles around.

Slowly passed the days away until they numbered ten, since Nina's rescue, and yet no sign of hostile Indians was visible, and the settlers began to hope that the war-cloud had blown over, when, suddenly through the settlement dashed a horseman, his steed fairly flying over the ground as he sped on toward the fort.

Silently and erect he sat in his saddle, uttering no word of warning, but pressing on; and from lip to lip went the words:

"That man is the Prairie Rover."

Skimming along swiftly, the black mustang soon drew rein at the portal of the fort, and dashed within, when he was brought to a halt, and his master said:

"I would see Colonel Vernon."

"Enter the cabin to the right, sir," politely said the guard. And the knock upon the door was answered by a stern:

"Come in."

"Ha! my worthy friend, it is you! Welcome back," and the colonel warmly welcomed the scout, whose eyes sought another portion of the room, where sat Nina, arranging some wild flowers in a vase.

"Thank you, sir; I have come as a bearer of important tidings—Miss Vernon, good-evening," and the scout grasped the hand which Nina warmly extended toward him, while a sweet smile of welcome was upon her face.

"Say you so, scout! a move of the tribes against us?"

Prairie Rover glanced toward Nina, and reading his look, Colonel Vernon said:

"Never mind Nina; she is a soldier's daughter, and must listen unmoved to tales of war."

"Well, sir, I will make my report at once, for it is necessary to be on the alert. I penetrated, after parting with you, as far as the hills without particular adventure, and meeting with a friendly Indian, he led me, in disguise, into the big village of the Sioux, where a council of chiefs belonging to the hostile tribes was being held.

"Believing me to be a renegade white, a sub-chief of one of the lower southern tribes, I was invited to the council lodge, and hence had every opportunity to discover the plans of the Indians."

"It was a most daring undertaking, scout, and one I am rejoiced to see you well out of; but go on; you interest me greatly, and I declare, Nina is really pale at the thought of the danger you run."

The scout's dark face flushed slightly, and he continued:

"In that council lodge were the most famous warriors of the hostile tribes, and one man, a pale-face, who is the instigator and leader of the whole move."

"Indeed! and he is—"

"The man who has won the title of the Prairie Red Hood."

"Ha! I half suspected your answer. Scout, I would give my commission to that man alive," cried Colonel Vernon, earnestly.

"And I would give my life if I could take his," sternly replied the scout, and in a tone so bitter and deep that both Nina and her father started, for they felt that it was no ordinary hatred that caused Prairie Rover to speak thus.

After an instant's hesitation the scout resumed:

"It was not the first time that the Prairie Robin Hood and myself had met, and it will not be the last!"

"With my hands tied, as it were, I was compelled to sit and listen to that man's diabolical harangues to the Indians, and hear him plot and plan to lay the settlements in ashes, for he seemed to be a perfect fiend in his hatred of his own race.

"Narrowly he watched and questioned me regarding the lower tribes, and though I could see his suspicions were aroused, he had to be satisfied, as the Indian chief who had presented me at the council was high in authority, and would not have his friend insulted."

"Strange that an Indian, knowing your true character, should have betrayed his countrymen."

"Not so, sir, when I tell you that my friend is a Comanche brave, one whose life I saved, and who followed me from the burning prairies of the far south-west, and treated with kindness by the Sioux, he warned them of the coming attack of a hostile tribe, and for it was made a chief. He is friendly to me, and hence to the pale-faces, against whom he will raise no hand in anger.

"But, to continue: the chiefs, headed by Robin Hood, the renegade, agreed to raise the tomahawk along the whole border, pressing forward in large force toward the upper settlements, and coming southward, continue their work of ruin and bloodshed. This was the plan of the white chief, who is to assemble his renegade band at the head of the Indians, and thus encourage them in their work of deviltry."

"The white hound! Oh! if I can ever get him in my power! But when is this move to be made, scout?"

"Within the week, Colonel Vernon, and I would advise that you at once throw your heaviest force toward the upper settlements, warn the whole line, draw in all of your detached posts, and then, if you will trust me with a command, I will make a move against the Indian villages in the hills that will soon bring the red devils back to protect their homes."

"You plan like a soldier, scout, and as numerous as are our enemies, thus warned as we will be along the whole line, they will find us more than a match, even headed as they will be by that desperado, Robin Hood, and his band of renegades; but how many men will you require?"

"I should like at least fifty troopers, and as many more of hunters, trappers, scouts, and a frail bridge was manufactured across the

friendly Indians, whom I can collect in the settlement in half a day."

"This will give you a hundred men—a small force to penetrate thus far into the Indian country."

"We will make them think we are a thousand before we are done with them," said the scout, in a voice that caused both Nina and her father to laugh.

"You shall have the men, and pick them yourself."

"Thanks, colonel; then I will select first, Captain Ramsey Raymond," and the scout gazed furtively toward Nina, to watch the effect of his words; but that coy maiden did not even show signs of having heard the name of the dashing young officer.

"You could not have a better man; hey, Nina?"

"Captain Raymond is a gallant officer, I think I have heard it said," demurely replied Nina.

"An ardent lover, too, girl, is he not?" slyly asked the colonel, with a wink at the scout.

"You should ask him, father, for I am no judge. Shall I call the orderly?"

"Yes—oh! here is Raymond now," and at that instant the young captain entered, his face beaming with pleasure when he beheld Nina.

In a few moments Colonel Vernon had made known to him all that the scout had said, and with delight the young officer learned that he was selected for the daring, nay, desperate duty of penetrating the Indian country to draw off the attacking forces from the settlement by a war in their own camps.

"It is a mission I accept with thanks for the honor bestowed in selecting me, Sir Scout."

"I feel that you would be most willing. Now, captain, I leave to you the selection of your men and horses, for the former must be the bravest of the brave, and the latter swift and with powers of great endurance, and as to my portion of the command, I will select only those men whom I know have been tried and are willing to die, if need be."

"Remember, the undertaking is one of terrible danger and hardship, for we will have to penetrate the Indian country, many long miles from any support, and our attacks will be made against Indian villages not wholly unprotected, and when we have succeeded in drawing the red-skins back to defend their homes, we will have to cut our way back through ten times our number."

"I understand the risks, and accept them with pleasure. When shall we start?" quietly replied Ramsey Raymond.

"To-night I will start, and the fourth night from this I will meet you and the command at the old ruined outpost just at the edge of the hill country. You remember it, as it was there you fought Bad Wolf and his warriors, some two years ago."

"I remember it well, and will meet you there the fourth night from this. Shall I follow the southern trail to get there, as the Indians will doubtless be scouting on the northern one?"

"Yes, and travel only by night—from dark to daybreak, making your trips so as to get a chance to conceal you by day. If you see an Indian, let not one escape you to give warning, and in an important mission of this kind let me urge that the red-skins are treacherous, slippery scamps, and you had better take no prisoners, as dead men tell no tales."

The scout spoke sternly, and his three hearers felt that he was in deadly earnest.

"I understand; but can I ask why you go ahead?"

"I desire to see the Robin Hood and his men start on their hellish expedition, count their numbers, and dispatch at once word to Colonel Vernon, the number of the enemy and the direction they take."

"Whom will you send, scout?" asked Colonel Vernon, with surprise.

"One who has never deceived me, one who has been my best friend and almost constant companion for years."

"When will you send, scout?" asked Colonel Vernon, with a smile.

"When the sun went to sleep."

"That was five hours ago; well, the storm will delay them to-night, and it will be day after tomorrow before they strike the settlements."

"Now, Wild Wolf, tell me how many there were."

"There were a thousand braves."

"They have left a stronger force behind than I expected they would; but this shall not deter me," said the scout, speaking more to himself than to his companion.

"When did they depart?"

"When the sun went to sleep."

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"Now, Wild Wolf, do all; go at once."

"No, let us take up our bridge first, then seek a few hours' rest, and then we will depart together through the cave leading to the lowlands."

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"Wild Wolf do all; go at once."

"No, let us take up our bridge first, then seek a few hours' rest, and then we will

"All! I should think it was enough! You are as pale as a ghost. How did it happen?"

"Some of my usual carelessness," she replied.

"I was clambering over the rocks and fell."

He saw the effort that it cost her to keep the tears back even now. The foot and ankle were swelled to almost twice their usual size, and he hastened to loosen the dainty boot that bound them. This afforded her considerable relief, but still the pain was intense.

"It is a very bad sprain," he said, "or it would not have swelled so, in so short a time."

"It has been three hours since I hurt it," she said, looking at her watch, "which has given it considerable opportunity, I think. If you will be kind enough to get a carriage I shall be under great obligations."

"But a carriage cannot possibly get here," he replied.

"Bring a horse, then."

"But you cannot ride."

"Perhaps, then, since you can tell me what I cannot do, you will be so good as to tell me what I can," she said, pettishly, and with a little spark of her old defiance.

"Certainly I can! I shall carry you."

Alda opened her eyes to their widest extent, while the crimson mounted to the very roots of her hair.

"You will do nothing of the sort, Mr. Ford."

"But I shall have to! There is no other way. Can't you trust me, Alda?"

Alda made no reply; the tears were too near. Seeing that she did not answer, he stooped, and lifting her, carried her along over the rough ground in the direction of the party.

"I shall have to ask you to put your arm around my neck," he said, after they had gone a short distance, and Alda had nothing to do but obey. She made no resistance, but presently she burst out crying, and sobbed so violently that Bertrand got alarmed and halted.

"Alda, Alda, you must not cry so," he said, hurriedly, but to his astonishment his words only brought a fresh burst of sobs. It was perplexing situation, but he proved equal to the emergency at last, for he actually had the audacity to wipe the pearly drops away, and kiss, a half-dozen times, the trembling little mouth. And then, what he had been longing to tell her for weeks, he told her now, and he pleaded his case eloquently that her sobbing ceased, and her face was radiant, as she lifted it to his.

"I shall never regret the sprained ankle," she said, as she stole the other arm softly about his neck—this time without being requested.

And I am certain that she never has.

Idaho Tom, THE YOUNG OUTLAW OF SILVERLAND!

BY OLL COOMES.

CHAPTER XXX.

FRANK AND BILLY ON THE TRAIL.

FRANK and Billy hurried with all possible speed around the bay, reaching the lake just in time to see the white man and two savages disembarke with their captive. They were, however, over a mile away, and by the time they had traversed this distance, the foe had disappeared. They had filled the two canoes with stones and sunk them in shallow water, where they could easily be got at in case of necessity.

Not far away the boys found the hoof-prints of two or three horses; and this discovery filled young Caselton with disappointment.

The tracks led away up the valley and from the indentations in the ground it was evident that the enemy had ridden fast.

"Billy," said Frank, after they had found out the course pursued by the maiden's captors, "shall we undertake to follow this trail alone?"

"And why not, Frank?" returned Billy.

"I thought you might be in favor of waiting till the boys came up."

"All of us couldn't foight our way into the Wolf Herder's den. Our only hope in gitting the girl is by stratagem, and the less there are to perform, the better."

"We might gain admittance to the outlaw's stronghold by the same means with which we escaped from there. We know where Bold Heart concealed the rope."

"Yis, but lookee here now, Frankie! how do we know but that we're gitting ahead of the hounds?"

"In what way, Billy?"

"Bedad, and we don't know whether the gal war taken to the den or not."

"There is not a doubt of it, Billy. These hoof-prints point in that direction, and, it is, within reason and possibility, that Zoe has been taken directly to that place."

"All right, Frank; heave ahead and Billy Brady will foller, or lead when necessary. And if ever mees git within that hell-hole again, moind me that I tells ye, I'll let every wolf outen that pen and set them to picking old Molock's bones!"

The boys took up the trail and set out to follow it. It ran along the valley and turned up the gorge leading toward Molock's den. This left no doubt in the minds of the youths as to where Zoe had been taken.

When within a mile or so of Molock's stronghold the youths concealed themselves to await the coming of night.

To the impatient boy-lover, Frank Caselton, the hours seemed to drag on leaden feet—the sun to stand motionless above the distant mountain-tops.

At length, however, shadows began to gather in the valleys, creep stealthily up the mountain steep and thicken along the sky.

The boys now crept from their hiding-place and pushed on toward the den of the Wolf-Herder. When they reached the ledge overhanging the place it was pitchy dark. The sky was overcast with a dull, leaden gray cloud. A white mist hovered low in the valleys. The mountains lent the darkness of their mighty forms to the surrounding gloom.

The boys began groping about in search of the rope concealed there a few days previous. For an hour or more their labor threatened to be in vain, but, finally, the sought-for object was found.

One end of the rope was then made fast to a stout bush near the edge of the precipice, and the other end lowered over into the valley.

"Now, Billy," said Frank, "the tug of war begins."

"And I am rheady for the fun," said Billy.

"But, suppose when we climb down that rope we find a savage there to receive us with a tomahawk!"

"And yeess might as well suppose that when yeos go to heaven one av the apostles will knock yeos back to earth wid a club."

"Well, then, which one goes first?" asked Frank.

"Mees, by all means," said Billy; "yees

know that I's been a sailor b'y, and to go up and down a rhone is as 'asy as falling on the ice. Yes, Frankie, mees I'll go down and reconnoiter, and if I find the way open, I'll jerk the rhone like blazes and thin you'll come down."

"All right, Billy; but be careful. The least false movement may defeat our object and cost us our lives."

"Och, and to be sure," responded Billy, and throwing himself upon the ground, he seized the rope, and crawling backward disappeared over the ledge.

Frank sat down and grasped the rope, as if by its motions and jars, he hoped to be able to judge of the success of Billy's adventure.

A dead hush, broken only by the eternal jowering of the hungry beasts below, pervaded the night.

With anxious, beating heart, young Caselton waited alone upon the cliff. The white mist surrounded him until he seemed floating on a sea of fog.

He was suddenly startled from his silent thoughts by a sullen boom that came quavering up from the direction of Tahoe.

"Ah!" he exclaimed to himself, "they are in trouble at the lake!"

CHAPTER XXXI.

ZOE IN PRISON.

The two men—savage and white man—that Zoe had sighted in the strait between the bay and lake, proved to be Molock, the Wolf-Herder, and one of his followers. And they were there for the purpose of assisting their friend in the abduction of the maiden, in case their help was needed.

The day previous Molock, in skulking about the lake, had seen Idaho Tom send his message of love to Zoe by means of his little transport, and had seen him receive the reply.

The novelty of the young man's idea suggested another to the crafty brain of Molock, and he proceeded to put it into execution. And he was successful, his plans culminating in the capture of Zoe in the manner already seen.

Three horses were in waiting in the woods near where they landed, to carry the captive and captors away; and so thorough had all the villain's plans been laid, and so skillfully and successfully had they been executed, that, long before night, the whole party reached the stronghold in the mountain's fastness.

Zoe was imprisoned in the same dark, dismal room wherein our young friends, the Boy Hunters, had been confined. Despair had taken possession of her young heart, and, half-stupified with terror, she took a passing notice of things around her. At times her brain seemed enveloped in a maze of giddy horror that made her situation so vaguely indistinct, she seemed in a terrible nightmare which she could not shake off.

As unsusceptible to all human feeling as the villainous Molock was, he saw that his captive was like a frail, tender flower, and would stand but little exposure and ill-treatment. Therefore, in order to revive the drooping spirits of the girl, he told glaring falsehoods concerning the progress which followed a cold meal and, hard meat, and kiss, a half dozen times, the trembling little mouth. And then, what he had been longing to tell her for weeks, he told her now, and he pleaded his case eloquently that her sobbing ceased, and her face was radiant, as she lifted it to his.

"I shall never regret the sprained ankle," she said, as she stole the other arm softly about his neck—this time without being requested.

And I am certain that she never has.

CHAPTER XXXII.

ZOE IN PRISON.

The face that gazed down upon Zoe in her prison-room was that of the daring young hunter, Billy Brady.

The maiden had entertained such high hopes of seeing a face that she knew—the face of a friend coming to her aid—but the disappointment which followed cast a cold, sinister expression over the face so faintly seen in the dim, uncertain light above.

"Hist!" she suddenly heard whispered in a sharp, aspirate tone; "don't speak, little Miss, if yeess valy wife worth the saving. I'm Billy Brady, a wild Irish b'y, and Frank Caselton is not far away."

The words sent a thrill of joy to the maiden's heart. She clasped her hands over her breast and murmured a prayer of thanks.

Then she lifted her eyes and again scanned the face of the youth gazing down upon her. And how different it appeared, now that she knew it was the face of a friend.

The first thing Billy did, after he had quieted the maiden's fears, was to lower the end of the rope into the room and then let himself down.

On tip-toe he advanced to the side of the maiden and whispered, softly:

"I've come to help yeos out av here, little lady; and yes hev yo go out through the roof up there. I'm going outside to reconnoiter a wbit, and whin I return and drop the rope, tie it carefully around yer waist and I'll hoist yeos up like a kite."

Almost wild with delight, the maiden signified her willingness to follow his instructions.

Billy turned and examined the door of the prison. Originally it had been made to fasten on the inside. The heavy clasps were still on the door and the socket in the jam. All that was wanted to fasten the door from intrusion was simply a bar. As Billy noticed this he shook his frowsy head in a significant manner; and turning he seized the rope and was about to climb up to the roof when Zoe approached him and asked:

"You said Frank Caselton was near; where is he now?"

"Up on the cliff, not fifty feet above you."

"Thank you," she said, and a faint smile of inward joy flitted over her pale face.

Billy acknowledged her thanks with a polite bow, then turned and scampered up the rope like a cat.

Once more upon the roof the fearless youth was not long in coming to a decision as to his next movement. Drawing up the rope from the prison-room he dropped it over the eaves of the house, and then cautiously lowered himself to the ground.

Crouching close against the base of the cabin, the youth listened for some sound that would indicate the whereabouts of the enemy. He heard voices within the building—the voices of Molock and his confederates, who appeared to be engaged in a game of cards.

"Och, now, and if Bold Heart was here I'll bet he'd march in and banter the gentlemen for a hand in the game," mused the lad; "but, while they're playing at one game, Billy Brady will play at another."

Saying the youth crept around the cabin and along the stone-wall that fenced in the wolves. He soon came to the gate opening into the pen. He found it was fastened on the outside by a bar held in its place by a heavy log leaning against it. Placing his shoulder against the log he threw it aside; then he withdrew the bar which he placed under his arm for future use, and throwing open the gate ran for his life.

Back around the cabin he darted, and placing the bar, heavy as it was, between his teeth, hastily climbed the rope to the roof of the house.

With a wild, frenzied howl the wolves poured from their prison-pen in a perfect stream of shaggy forms.

Billy hastily descended into Zoe's room, and with the bar, procured for the purpose, fastened the door on the inside.

"Now, my little lady friend," he said, "your time has come. Let me toe the rope around yeos, for mees can toe a sailor's knot that won't let yeos fall."

The maiden yielded to his suggestions without a word of dissent, and the lad wound and twined the end of the rope around her form so as to give as little pain as possible.

This done he again ascended to the roof, then with a steady nerve he drew the light, fairy form of the maiden from the prison to the house-top. She was trembling with terror and affright, but, in his droll, good-natured way, the youth succeeded in restoring her usual composure and in strengthening her courage for the next terrible leap, as it were, for life and freedom.

Molock and his men, by this time, had descended an unusual noise without, and quitting their cards they grasped their weapons and rushed out to inquire the cause of it.

The hungry beasts, maddened now with their liberty, came pouring around the house and attacked the outlaw and his two savage co-adjudicators. In an instant one of the latter was down, while a sea of shaggy forms surged around him like a maelstrom—tearing and gnawing at his quivering flesh. Molock and the other Indian escaped into the house, but as they had not before closed the doors a dozen desperate, maddened beasts were already in the room. They were driven up the ladder into the loft.

At the head of the stairs Molock stopped to rest. He was panting like an overworked ox. His face wore a wild look, and his eyes glared like coals of fire. He had been shocked by the terrible tide of vengeance turned so suddenly upon him. He could not form the remotest idea as to how this critical state of affairs had been brought about—how the wolves had escaped.

"I priz'd em on account of their value," he said.

Zoe turned away and refused further conversation with him; when the villain went out, closing and barring the door behind him.

Zoe heard the sound of his heavy footsteps descending the ladder. A door was slammed shut, then all subsided into quietude.

The silence that followed became oppressive to the captive's heart; but it had lasted only for a few minutes, when suddenly a heavy weight fell upon the roof, with a dull thump, that sent a slight jar through the room.

Zoe started to her feet, and in breathless suspense, listened. But all had again subsided into silence, and remained so for full five minutes, when a sound was again heard upon the roof. It was a very slight sound, however—not louder than a rat would make running over the shingles—and filled Zoe's breast with a vague hope.

The maiden kept her eyes lifted upward to the roof that was barely perceptible in the dim light. Only the faintest outline of the shingles and worm-eaten rafters could be seen; but notwithstanding this fact, she was enabled to see a board suddenly lifted aside by some invisible hand. Her hope grew stronger, and a cry of joy rose to her lips, but some invisible power suppressed the cry.

With eager, burning eyes she watched the opening on the roof grow larger and larger, as board after board was carefully removed. The hole had been enlarged to nearly two feet each way, when the maiden suddenly beheld a white, frowsy head, and a brown, boyish face, appear in the opening and gaze down upon her.

It was a strange face—a face so indistinctly seen that it banished all her cherished hopes from her breast.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

ZOE IN PRISON.

The face that gazed down upon Zoe in her prison-room was that of the daring young hunter, Billy Brady.

"What in the name of Heaven has happened down there, Billy?" was the first words that Frank said to him; "where have you been all this time? and what doing? Is Zoe there?"

"Yes; she'll be along in a minute," replied Billy, pulling the rope slightly, as a signal to the maiden to prepare to follow.

With a steady hand Zoe tied the rope around her form, then signaled to her friends that all was ready.

The rope was gradually drawn taut. The maiden swung from the roof as she was lifted from her feet. An involuntary cry of terror pealed from her lips when she felt herself swinging to and fro in mid-air.

Carefully Frank and Billy drew up the dangerous burden. When it appeared near the edge of the precipice, Frank threw himself along the rock, and reaching over, lifted the maiden in his strong arms to the summit of the ledge. But Zoe was perfectly helpless. She had faintly uttered the words or was she dead?

CHAPTER XXXIV.

ZOE IN PRISON.

THE SATURDAY JOURNAL

Saturday Journal

Published every Monday morning at nine o'clock.

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THE BEST BOYS' STORY,

AND THE

Most Delightful Romance of Adventure

AND OF

LIFE IN THE GREAT NORTH WILDERNESS

EVER WRITTEN, IS :

NICK WHIFFLES' PET;

OR,

Ned Hazel, the Boy Trapper.

BY CAPT. J. F. C. ADAMS.

To commence in the next issue (No. 295) of the New York SATURDAY JOURNAL.

So rich in humor, so full of the sport and peril of trapping life, so pervaded by mystery and singular circumstances, so exciting in its events and adventures, that it stands out as

The Most Captivating Serial

ever presented to readers of popular literature. While old Nick Whiffles and his dog, Calamity, his horse, Shagbark, and his gun, Firebug, are leading participants, the main interest is in

GALLANT, HONEST AND DARING NED! who, as boy trapper and explorer—as a trail-hunter and camp-guard—as Indian fighter and protector of the innocent—is a Young Paladin, whom the reader takes to and admires with enthusiasm as intense as if old Nick and Ned Hazel were his bosom friends.

The Beautiful Blackfoot Princess

floats in upon the drama, like a bewildering dream, only to become a creature of fact in relations with the Boy Trapper that deeply intensify the personal interest of the story and add to it a train of incidents that develop in the young hunter a nobleness of heart which makes Ned a model worthy of study and imitation. To Boys and Girls especially will this romance be

A Many Evenings' Enchantment, not to enjoy which would indeed be cause for regret. Therefore, let friends of the SATURDAY JOURNAL see to it that their friends participate in their pleasure by starting in with the opening chapters of the Beautiful Romance

Buffalo Bill's Portrait!

With Number 295 of the SATURDAY JOURNAL, we shall present to every purchaser of that number, and to each subscriber, a portrait, in colors, of the celebrated Buffalo Bill, printed on heavy paper, ready for framing. The interest in this noted man will make this a pleasing announcement to a large number of people. This portrait, which is very lifelike and satisfactory, is on paper 14 x 18½ inches, and, when framed, will make a fine ornament for the wall. Each purchaser is entitled to it, and will be supplied by the newsdealer.

Sunshine Papers.

"I Told You So."

Did any one ever say that to you? Yes? How did you feel?

We are suddenly inspired with pantomimic talents that displayed themselves in horrid grimaces! Did you feel playful, and with difficulty refrain from seizing a tender part of the speaker's arm between your thumb and finger—asking, "What letter of the alphabet is this?" and forcing the answer to be "O!" Were you assailed by a strong desire to tip over that person's chair, to stick a pin in them, to tread on their pet corn, or perform some other equally diverting act of cruelty to animals?

No! Then you are an angel, and woe to the unlucky household that does not willingly entertain you.

If there is any one sentence in the English language that contains the undiluted spirit of tantalization, it is—"I told you so." Sometimes one cannot help suspending as to whether that well-known gentleman, the "Old Boy," did not superintend the grammatical construction of it, so full of malice preposse it seems.

You assert that a notable person died on such a day, of such a month, in such a year. Some one else contradicts the statement, and you become convinced that you are in the wrong. You acknowledge, easily and gracefully, that you are mistaken, when your ears are greeted with—"I told you so." Instantly all the belligerency of your nature is aroused. You are sure you are right. You find that you are more nearly allied to the feline race than you before dreamed—are a veritable Mother Tabby-skins in your propensity for scratching.

But there may come a time when the "I told you so's" of to-day shall echo through memories of years, affecting you far differently.

You smile to-day when mother says of John or Rob, "Don't receive his attentions, my daughter. His principles are not good. His associates are rather wild. He is too fond of the social glass. If you marry him, you will bitterly regret it in the days to come." John is manly of form, handsome of face. He is brilliant, witty, succeeding splendidly in busi-

ness, and woos you "divinely." You cannot ask for more; and so you link your life with his, to find—

"His principles are not good?" You laughed, during the days of courtship, when he described the fun of the club of playing poker—five cent ante. You do not laugh now, when you realize that late hours, a troubled face, and large bills to meet, are all inextricably entangled with that same poker, and your enemies nor entreaties have power to change matters.

"His associates are rather wild?" Before you were John's wife, you thought John's friends were charming men. You do not think them so charming now, when you hear them theying their infidel principles under stand their code of honor, know how dangerous they are to youth, innocence, purity?

"He is too fond of the social glass?" You thought wine-drinking a very pleasant custom in those days when kisses, sighs, and moonshine were the constituent parts of your existence. You think it an accursed custom, now, when your husband's business is neglected, and he daily comes reeling home. You remember mother's warning; mother's "I told you so" echoes in your ears—funeral-knot of folly, too late repeated; happy days, dead!

You smile to day when father warns you concerning the business career you are just about to commence. He says, "My son, do not carry on a business too large for your capital; ten chances to one, fail; if not, the earlier years of your business life will be harassed with doubts, and suspense, and care. You will use every energy, physical and mental, in your terrible strain to pay this bill and meet that note; and when you should rejoice in the full strength and vigor of manhood, you will be a fretful, irritable, unhealthy man—broken down in mind and body. If you would respect yourself, or deserve the respect of your fellow-men, resist the mania for speculation." But you know better than Old America; and, Young America like, you do a twenty-thousand-dollar business on a five-thousand-dollar capital. You marry and live in good style, too; you strain every nerve to its utmost tension, in your endeavors to keep up business and appearances, and, at last, driven to desperation, invest in stocks. You make money, at first, and gamble more and more largely, until at length, homeless, moneyless, healthless, and perhaps disgraced, you hear an echoing "I told you so!" At the sound remorse enters your soul, and you think, with vain regrets, of the kind voice, the parental lips, that sought to save you from such a fate.

When gentle voices warn of dangers ahead, when sweet lips woo to better paths, when habits that are evil are rebuked, when weaknesses that lead to folly are unavailed—heed them now, that, in the years to come, "I told you so" may not be the song of a Nemesis, wrecking your life with unavailing remorse over willful errors and misdeeds!

A PARSON'S DAUGHTER.

SUSPICIOUS PEOPLE.

WHAT disreputable specimens of the creation these suspicious persons are! They never seem to be happy except when giving others pain. Do what we will and be our intention ever so good, they will always poise their disreputable noses in our affairs and suspect us of not doing as we ought. Every word and action is misjudged, and our very innocence makes them more suspicious.

I don't want to call on a lady friend of mine and have these suspicious people say that the visit is made because I want to see the lady's good-looking brother, because that is not the case. I guess, if I were to stay at home, some lady's good-looking brother would call on me. If I happen to accept the escort of a gentleman to a concert or a lecture I don't want to hear these suspicious beings say I am running after the young men, for I don't run after anybody. It does not seem to me ladylike to have these masculines about.

A Many Evenings' Enchantment, not to enjoy which would indeed be cause for regret. Therefore, let friends of the SATURDAY JOURNAL see to it that their friends participate in their pleasure by starting in with the opening chapters of the Beautiful Romance

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A GENERAL MISUNDERSTANDING.

BY HENRI MONTCALM.

Time, afternoon in hot July,
Scene, the foot of the croquet lawn;
Curtain rises lazily
And discloses, first, in the midst of a lawn,

Cousin Dick in the corner there,
His chair tipped back 'gainst a friendly oak,
Hands in his pockets, fat in the air,
And smoking the clouds—of smoke.

Secondly, Jessie, not far away,
Sits crooked up on a rustic seat;
And her eyelids droop in a sleepy way,
And her novel lies at her feet.

Thirdly and lastly, lastly and best,
Grandfather, too, glides off in a doze;
His dear old head sinks down on his breast,
And his spectacles fall from his nose.

Dick he smokes and ponders;
Then empties his pipe and with purpose deep
Rises murmuring under his breath:
"She thinks I think she's asleep."

And Jessie, musing all the while,
Through her half-closed eyelids takes a peep;
And she softly whispers with covert smile:
"He thinks I think he thinks I'm asleep."

Softly he crosses the gassy space,
Soothing the shivering Miss;
Softly stoops to the beautiful face,
And softly steals—a kiss.

Softly, perhaps, but scarcely wise,
For the low sound breaks the silence deep;
And grandfather starts and rubs his eyes;
"Aha! They think that I'm asleep."

Why He Resigned Her.

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

MRS. ELLIS looked up from her sewing at the big eight day clock that was ticking placidly away from its shady corner.

"Come, Nellie! It is nearly four o'clock, and you remember Mr. Redmond is to call for you at half-past, for your drive."

Nellie lifted a pretty, piquant face from the pages she was reading.

"How easily you always recall Mr. Redmond's engagements, mamma! I wish you know how I despised him."

"You speak very ignorantly and childishly, Nellie. If you think seriously, you can give no reason for despising Mr. Redmond, whom both I and your father respect and admire, and feel greatly honored by his offer of marriage to you."

Nellie shrugged her plump shoulders disdainfully.

"I don't know what you may call admiration or respect, mamma, if you can see anything in Mr. Redmond's fat, red face and horrid big corpor!"

Mrs. Ellis bestowed a severe, reprobating glance at Nellie.

"I did not suppose you referred to Mr. Redmond's personal appearance, Nellie; and if you had, I cannot see what there is so objectionable if Mr. Redmond is stout."

Nellie laughed saucily.

"Oh, mamma, stout! Don't call it anything but obese. As if I'd ever marry a fat boy!"

Her merry laugh tinkled like a chime of silver bells, and Mrs. Ellis' forehead gathered into bigger frowns than ever.

"You may consider yourself fortunate in being asked to share the Redmond estate, Nellie. When I was a girl, I would have jumped at the chance."

"Mr. Redmond must have been slenderer and better-looking when you were a girl, mamma, but that's no reason why I should have him. Why—he's had two wives already!"

Just a hint of indignation was creeping into her voice, but Mrs. Ellis would not hear it.

"And a good husband he made them both—better than any young fellow will ever make you."

A flush of delicious happiness surged over Nellie's cheeks as her mother's words made her think of Harry Newell—handsome Harry, to whom she had solemnly promised her hand, and who she had given her heart, whose ring she wore on a blue ribbon around her neck, and who was working away in his newly-opened office, busily as a bee, in happy anticipation of the time when he would be ready to take his little sweetheart to himself.

But Nellie didn't say much about it—cunning, astute little rogue that she was.

She was as decided as fate on the subject—and nothing short of a miracle would have made her marry Phineas Redmond, for all his house and farm, his horses and carriages.

She was obliged to accept some portions of his persecutions, however, and she did it with quite a good grace, so that neither mother nor father nor lover knew just what a deceitful little wretch she was; and to-day was almost the first time she ever had said particularly disparaging things of her suitor, although she had declared from the first she would not marry him.

"I think you had better dress, Nellie; I don't want you to keep Mr. Redmond waiting. He is going to take you over to the farm, and show you the house."

Nellie closed her book lazily.

"As if I care to see his frosty, musty old house, where there's been so many funerals. It's all nonsense, mamma, my going."

"Nellie! aren't you ashamed of yourself? Go right away and put on your gray silk—there's the carriage now."

The girl arose with a languid grace of her own, her red lips curling half sneeringly.

"Of course I'll go if you wish it, mamma. My gray silk and blue ribbons?"

She went up to her room, with an expression odd to see on her fresh, fair face, as she deliberately made her dainty toilet.

"It has come to the crisis at last—and I'll never have the old Blue Beard if I die first! I know he wants me, and will not take my refusal, since he is so sure of papa's and mamma's consent; nor do I really think they would allow me to positively reject him. I'd have to run off with Harry, and be married on the sly—and I'd never consent to that, and I don't believe darling old Harry would either. What will I do?"

She frowned, much puzzled, as she arranged her dainty silk tie, and remembered it was the very tint Harry loved best to see her wear—a pale silvery-blue, that was such a perfect foil to her golden hair, her bright violet eyes and snow-and-roses complexion.

Suddenly, a laugh came rippling over her beautiful mouth; her eyes fairly danced, as if a magical revelation had been given her. Then, the audible, musical laugh subsided into a demure smile as she slowly descended the stairs, buttoning her kids.

Mr. Redmond's heart fairly bounced as he caught the first glimpse of her fresh, sweet beauty, so marvelously enhanced by her stylish-worn attire; and he secretly felt very glad—first, that he had overcome his scruples about wearing his Sunday clothes; second, that Nellie Redmond would be a decided improvement, as far as youth and beauty went, on her predecessors.

She met him with cordial sweetness, and they drove off at once, leaving Mrs. Ellis to smile and nod her head contentedly, as she watched them out of sight.

"All it wants to clinch that nail is for Nellie to see the homestead, and the comforts and conveniences that will be hers—all the prudent savings and earnings of two economical women."

And while the mother returned to her sewing, to build very airy castles about her only child, Nellie was riding along in the rather old-fashioned carriage beside her elderly lover.

"It's a very pretty road, I think," she said, as they drove between rows of cool, shady trees.

"None prettier. It's useful, too, as it leads straight to town. Sarah Jane used to say she liked to take her eggs and butter along this way."

Nellie winced at the name of her predecessor No. 2; then answered, flippantly:

"Oh, I don't know anything about that. I meant I should like to have a phoneton and pony to drive about here myself."

Mr. Redmond gave a little inward grunt.

"Phaeon's aren't of much account. A good strong carryall is worth a dozen of them. There's the house, Nellie. Take a good look at it as we drive up, and remember it has been the home of the Redmonds' night or to two hundred years."

Nellie dissipated his pompous pride very suddenly.

"Well, I should think so! So this is to be my future home!"

She directed the battery of her bewildering eyes full upon his face.

He laid his hand on his heart.

"If you will so honor it, and me, Miss Ellis."

A tiny smile parted her lips; his effort at gallantry made her think of an elephant essaying to skip like a gazelle.

"You'll find it very pleasant and comfortable inside—with—"

They had left the carriage now, and were walking up the path. She interrupted him, irreverently:

"Never mind the inside just now. It is the outside that is under consideration. Why, Mr. Redmond, you don't mean to tell me anybody ever lived in that house with those solid wooden shutters?"

Mr. Redmond flushed even more of a beet-red than was his normal hue.

"I certainly mean to say that two of my wives—"

Nellie flirted her parasol impatiently.

"Oh, I don't care anything about them; you know. Every shutter has got to come off, and the house painted pearl-gray, and green Venetian blinds put on."

Mr. Redmond uttered a half-smothered "umph!" but went on, leading the way to the front entrance, pausing under a huge, spreading maple tree, with a look of intense satisfaction on his face.

"Isn't this grand, Miss Ellis? This tree is over two hundred years old, and was planted by my great-great-grandfather when he was a boy."

Nellie frowned darkly.

"Grand! It's the most disagreeable, big lumbering thing I ever saw—full of nasty worms and bugs. I wouldn't have this tree here for anything."

"You wouldn't?" He looked almost alarmed.

"You wouldn't—not when my great-great—"

"Not if Methusaleh himself planted it," she interrupted, decidedly. "Down it comes, before I come."

A curiously helpless expression crossed Mr. Redmond's face.

"I'm sorry you aren't better pleased. Shall we go inside? Maybe you'll like it better."

Nellie followed him into the parlor, and before he could say a word, she burst out:

"What a contemptible place! Who on earth had the arraing of this house, Mr. Redmond, to make such a stuffy little room?"

"Why, where will my piano sit? and the mirrors I shall order from De Graaf's? The walls must be knocked out, and all the rooms on this side of the hall thrown into one, and marble mantels put in. I think you could make a nice room of it, with Aubusson carpeting and rosewood furniture, and a few paintings. Don't you?"

She asked it very suddenly, very innocently; and Mr. Redmond, who had listened half-stupefied, answered in a very subdued way:

"Yes, I do think so."

Nellie was all excitement now, and her blue eyes were sparkling.

"Where is the dining-room, Mr. Redmond? and I'd like to see the servants—no, I wouldn't either, because I've made up my mind only to employ French servants—a good cook, you know—oh! yes, I see the strawberry and blackberry beds; they're nice, ain't they? and plenty of them. Well, I suppose we'll use a fearful lot of them, and all sorts of vegetables, and milk, and fruit, because I shall have company all summer, except when I'm at Long Branch, in August."

Mr. Redmond had taken his red bandanna nervously from his pocket.

"I sell all the garden truck, you know, Miss Ellis; and what's that about company and Long Branch?"

Nellie had no need to his question, whatever, but went on, in an animated, enthusiastic way that was certainly overwhelming:

"I don't know that I care to see the bedrooms. How many are there?"

"Six, I believe, with good, strong, curved maple furniture, and home spun carpets in each one."

"Well, you can sell all that trash, you know, and with sets of marble-top walnut for each room, and Brussels carpets, I guess I can make them do—at least until you build. When shall you build, Phineas?"

He looked at her, aghast.

"Build! why, the alterations you have mentioned will cost a fortune!"

"You can afford it, I know. Besides, there is all the company you'll have to entertain, and all my dresses, and the phaeton and ponies, and—"

Mr. Redmond folded his handkerchief with slow precision, and then looked in Nellie's pretty, eager face, much as if he were a big, ugly frog, about to ask a favor of a rainbow-winged butterfly.

"Miss Nellie—really—I never saw it so before—but—I am afraid I cannot make you happy."

Nellie looked straight at him.

"I don't think you can."

He fidgeted in his seat like a schoolboy before the examining committee.

"Perhaps I'd better recall my—"

"Not to me," Nellie interpolated. "You made no bargain with me. Go to my father and tell him you've come to your senses."

A moment of silence; then Nellie laughingly declared she must go, and Mr. Redmond drove her home in a state of confused silence, while Nellie laughed and gossiped every rod of the way.

Then, while Mr. Ellis and the elderly suitor arranged things down-stairs, Nellie coolly changed her dress above, laughing all the while to think how she had managed it.

"I said I wouldn't have him, mamma, and I won't. And I have said I will have Harry Newell, and—"

She never finished the defiant sentence in words, but before that summer came to an end, somehow or other she wore Harry's ring on her finger instead of on the ribbon.

And the old folks didn't make much fuss after all—not even when Mr. Redmond married Miss Johanna Frisby.

"You had the heart, lord earl, to murder mine."

"I believed him guilty. You know I did!

And she was an innocent babe, as pure from all guile as an angel from heaven!"

"So was he, my lord. He was as free from that crime as that babe; and yet for it you took his life."

It was awful to hear her speak in that low, even voice, so unnaturally deep and calm. No pitch of passion could be half so terrific as that unearthly quiet.

And the old folks didn't make much fuss after all—not even when Mr. Redmond married Miss Johanna Frisby.

"Devil!—fiend! you shall die for this!" he cried, madly springing up. "What ho! without there! Secure this hag of perdition before—"

A low, strangled gurgle finished the sentence; for, with the bound of a pythoness, she had sprung forward and grasped him by the throat. She had the strength of a giant. He was a weak, broken-down old man, as powerless less.

He grew black in the face, his eye-balls projected, and he struggled, blindly and helplessly, to extricate himself. She laughed a low, jeering laugh at his ineffectual efforts, and said, insultingly, as she released him:

"Softly, softly, lord earl! such violent straining of your lungs is not good for your constitution. You are quite helpless in my hands, you perceive; and if you attempt to raise your voice in that unpleasant manner again, I shall be forced to give you a still more loving clutch next time. Your best policy is, to keep as quiet as possible just now."

He ground his teeth in impotent fury, as he gasped for breath.

"Besides, you take things for granted too easily, my lord. What profit have you that I am a murderer? You are, and in the sight of God; but that is not saying I am!"

"Oh, woman! guilty, blood-stained fiend! your own words confirm it!" he passionately cried out.

"Gently, my lord, gently! Have you heard me say I murdered her?"

"You did not deny it."

"That is negative proof, very unsubstantial, as you evidently know, although you found it sufficient to condemn my son."

"You are too much of a demon to spare her innocent life one moment when in your power. Oh, I know—I know she is dead! Dear little angel! Sweet, helpless little Ermine!"

He almost lost his dread of her in his passion of grief. His chest heaved as he buried his face in his hands, and something like a convulsive sob shook his frame. "Talk not of grief till the woman felt no remorse. No; an exultant sense of triumph—a flindish joy filled her heart, at the proof of what she had made him suffer. She had still a fiercer pang in store for him; and waiting till he had lifted his pale face again, she began, in a low, mocking voice:

"And thinkest thou, oh, Lord De Courcy, there is no darker doom than death? Do you think vengeance such as

remarked at the time to my friend Mr. Harbins, it was real disagreeable of them to take and send your son away, when he didn't want to go, still it can't be helped now, and there's no use whatever in making a fuss about it. As my uncle, who hadn't the pleasure of your acquaintance, has left me two thousand pounds, I should be real glad to aid you as far as money will go, and you needn't mind about giving me your note for it either. I ain't particular about getting it back again, I'm very much obliged to you."

During this well-meant attempt at consolation, not one word of which the gipsy had heard, Mr. Toosy pegs had been fumbling uneasily in his pockets, and shifting his carpetbag in a fidgety manner from one hand to the other. Having managed at last to extract a plump pocket-book from some mysterious recess inside of his coat, he held it out to his companion; but she, with her eyes gloomily fixed on the ground, seemed so totally oblivious of both himself and it, that, with a comical expression of distress, he was forced to replace it again where it came from.

"Now I wouldn't mind it so much if I was you, you know," he resumed, in a confidential tone. "Where's the good of making a time when things can't be helped? I'm going to sail for America the day after to-morrow, in a great, nasty, tarry ship, and I would like to see you in good spirits before I go. It would make it a great deal nicer if I thought you weren't taking on."

The last words caught her ear. She lifted her haggard face and fixed her piercing eyes so suddenly full upon him, that, with an alarm'd "Lord bless me," he sprang back and gazed upon her in evident terror.

"Going to America, are you?—to-morrow?" she asked, rapidly.

"Why—a-no, sir—that is, yes, ma'am," stammered Mr. Toosy pegs, his self-possession considerably shaken by those needle-like glances.

With lightning-like rapidity there flashed through the gipsy's mind a scheme. London was no longer a safe place for her; she was liable to be arrested, now, at any moment, and with her half-completed revenge this was not to be thought of. She felt her best course would be, to leave England altogether for some years; and she determined to avail herself of the present opportunity.

"If I go with you to America, will you pay my passage?" she abruptly asked, transfixing Mr. Toosy pegs with her lightning eyes.

"Why, of course, with a great deal of pleasure," responded the young man, with alacrity;

"it will make it real pleasant to have you with us during the passage, I'm sure," said Mr. Toosy pegs, who felt politeness required of him to say as much, though his conscience gave him a severe twinge for telling such a fib.

"Perhaps, as we start the day after to-morrow, you wouldn't mind coming and stopping with us until then, so's to have things handy. Aunt Priscilla will be delighted to make your acquaintance, I know," concluded Mr. Toosy pegs, whose conscience, at this announcement, gave him another rebuking pinch.

"There will be two children to bring," said the gipsy, hurriedly; "I must go for them."

"Half price," muttered Mr. Toosy pegs, sotto voce; "what will aunt Priscilla say?"

"I will meet you here by daybreak the day after to-morrow," said the gipsy, stopping suddenly. "Will you come?"

"Why, certainly," responded Mr. Toosy pegs, who was too much in awe of her to refuse her anything she might ask; "I'll be in this precise spot by daybreak the day after to-morrow, though I don't approve of early rising as a general thing; it ain't nice at all."

"Very well, I will be here—you need come with me no further," said Ketura, dismissing him with a wave of her hand; and ere he could expostulate at this summary dismissal, she turned a corner and disappeared.

That night a trusty messenger was dispatched by Ketura to the gipsy camp for little Raymond, who arrived the following night. His free, gipsy life seemed to agree wonderfully well with that young gentleman, who appeared in the highest possible health and spirits; his rosy cheeks and sparkling black eyes all aglow from the woodland breezes. Five years old now, he was tall and well-grown for his age, could climb the highest trees like a squirrel, set bird-traps and rabbit-snare, and was as lithe, supple, and active as a young deer.

The eyes of Ketura lit up with pride as she gazed upon him; and for the first time the idea occurred to her that he might live to avenge his father's wrongs when she was dead. She would bring him up to hate all of the house of De Courcy; that hate should grow with his growth until it should become the one ruling passion and aim of his life, swamping, by its very intensity, every other feeling.

Master Raymond, who seemed quite as chary of caresses as his grandmother herself, met her with a good deal of indifference; but no sooner did he see little Erminie, than a rash and violent attachment was the result. Accustomed to the dirty, dusky gipsy babies, who rolled all day unheeded in the grass, this little snow-skinned, golden-haired, blue-eyed infant seemed so wondrously lovely that he had to give her sundry pokes with his finger to convince himself she was real, and not an illusion. Miss Erminie did not seem at all displeased by these attentions, but favored him with a coquettish smile, and with her finger in her rosy mouth, gave him every encouragement he could reasonably expect on so short an acquaintance. Being left alone together, Master Raymond, who did not altogether approve of her wasting her time, lying blinking at him in her cradle, began to think it was only a common act of politeness she owed him to get up, and seeing no symptoms of any such intention on the young lady's part, he resolved to give her a hint to that effect. Catching her, therefore, by one little plump leg and arm, he gave her a jerk that swung her completely out, and then grasping her by the waist, he dumped her down on the floor beside him, upon which she immediately clapped another finger in her mouth; and there they sat, silently staring at each other, until both were dispatched to bed.

Early in the morning Master Raymond and Miss Erminie found themselves awakened from an exceedingly sound slumber, and undergoing the unpleasant operation of dressing. The young gentleman kicked and plunged manfully for a while, but finding it all of no use, he gave up the struggle and yielded to fate in a second nap. Erminie, after crying a little, followed his example; and the gipsy, taking her in her arms, and followed by one of the tribe bearing the sleeping Raymond, hurried to the trysting-place.

There they found Mr. Toosy pegs, looking green and sea-sick already, from anticipation. In a few words the gipsy gave him to understand that she wished to go on board immediately—a proposition which rather pleased Mr. Toosy pegs, who was inwardly afraid she might desire to be brought to his house, where she would be confronted by Miss Toosy pegs, of whom he stood in wholesome awe.

Half an hour brought them to the pier where

the vessel lay, and consigning little Raymond to the care of one of the female passengers, she sought her berth with Erminie. Until England was out of sight she still dreaded detection; and, therefore, she sat, with feverish impatience, longing to catch the last glimpse of the land wherein she was born. She watched every passing face with suspicion, and in every outstretched hand she saw some one about to snatch her prize from her; and involuntarily her teeth set, and she held the sleeping child in a fiercer clasp.

Once she caught a passing glimpse of Mr. Toosy pegs, a victim to "green and yellow melancholy" in its most aggravated form, as he walked toward his berth in an exceedingly limp state of mind and shirt-collar. Mr. Toosy pegs knew what sea-sickness was from experience; he had a distinct and sad recollection of what he endured the last time he crossed the Atlantic; and with many an ominous foreboding he ensconced himself in an armchair in the cabin, while the vessel rose and fell as she danced over the waves. Silently he sat, as men sit who await the heaviest blow Fate has in store for them. Suddenly a stern-toned voice from the deck rose high above the creaking and straining of ropes and trampling of feet, with the words, "Heave ahead." Mr. Toosy pegs gave a convulsive start, an expression of intense anguish passed over his face, and suddenly clapping his handkerchief to his mouth, he fled into the silent depths of the state-room, where, hidden from human view, what passed was never known.

"Well, I never!" ejaculated a tall, thin, sharp female, with a sour face, and a catanarian expression of countenance generally, who sat with her hands folded over a shiny-brown Holland gown, as upright as a church-steeple and about as grim. "Well, I never! going hand being sea-sick before he's ten minutes on board, which his m'ething none of the family never 'ad before, hand I've been hove to Hiresland without never thinking of such a thing; lying there on the broad hof his back, leaving me a poor, lone woman, and groanin' heavily this drafted hold ship gives a plunge, which is something that's not pleasant for a hunprotected female to be, having a host of disagreeable sailors, smelling of oakum and tar and sich, has hif he couldn't wait to be sea-sick haf'er we'd land. Ugh!" And Miss Priscilla Dorothia Toosy pegs—for she it was—knit her face in a bristle of the sorest kinks, and punctuated her rather rambling speech by sundry frowns of the most intensely acid character.

To describe that voyage is not my intention; suffice it to say, that it was an unusually speedy one. On the following morning, the gipsy had appeared on deck with little Erminie, whose beauty attracted universal attention, as her nurse's dark, stern, moody face did fear and dread. Many hands were held out for her, and Ketura willingly gave her up, and consented to the request of a pleasure-faced young girl who offered to take charge of her until they should land. Master Raymond had already become prime favorite with all on board, more particularly with the sailors; and could soon run like a monkey up the shrouds into the rigging. At first he condescended to patronize Erminie occasionally; but on discovering she could not climb—in fact, could not even stand on her feet properly—he began to look down on her with a sort of lofty contempt. On the fifth day, Mr. Toosy pegs made his appearance on deck, a walking skeleton. Everybody laughed at his wobegone looks; and so deeply disgusted was Miss Priscilla by his sea-green visage, that it seemed doubtful whether she would ever acknowledge the relationship again.

As every one but Miss Priscilla laughed at him, and she scolded him unmercifully, the unhappy young man was forced to fly for relief to Ketura, whose silent grimmness was quite delightful compared with either of the others. Feeling that she owed him something for his kindness, she listened in silence to all his doleful complaints; and this so won upon the susceptible heart of that unfortunate youth, that he contracted quite an affection for her—just as a lap-dog has been known to make friends with a tiger before now.

"What do you intend to do when you get to America, Mrs. Ketura?" he asked one day as they sat together on the deck.

"I have not thought about it," she answered, indifferently.

"You'll have to do something, you know," intimated Mr. Toosy pegs. "People always do something in America. They're real smart people there. I'm an American, Mrs. Ketura," added Mr. Toosy pegs, complacently.

A grim sort of smile, half contempt, half pity, passed over the face of the gipsy.

Telling fortunes pays pretty well, I guess, but then it isn't a nice way to make a living; and besides that little baby would be real inconvenient to round round with you, not to speak of that dreadful little boy who climbs up that main-topgallant bowsprit—or whatever the nasty steep thing's name is. No; I don't think telling fortunes would be exactly the thing."

"I shall manage some way; don't bother me about it," said the gipsy, impatiently.

"What do you say to coming with us to Dismal Hollow? There's plenty of room around there for you; and I should be real glad to have you near, so that I could drop in to see you now and then."

Mr. Toosy pegs was sincere in saying he would like it this time; for her stern, fierce character had a strange sort of fascination for him, and he really was beginning to feel a strong attachment to her.

The real kindness of his tone, his simple generosity, touched even the granite heart of the hard gipsy queen. Lifting her eyes, that all this time had been moodily gazing into the dashing, foam-crested waves, she said, in a softer voice than he ever expected to hear from her lips:

"I thank you and accept your offer, and more for their sake, however, than my own"—pointing to the children. "I could make my way through the world easily enough, but you are young and tender, and need care. I will go with you."

She turned away as she ceased, as if there was no more to be said on the subject, and again looked fixedly down into the wide waste of waters.

"It's real good of you to say so, Mrs. Ketura, and I'm very much obliged to you," said Mr. Toosy pegs, with a brightening up of his pallid features. "We will land at New York, and after that, go to Dismal Hollow via Baltimore, which means, Mrs. Ketura," said Mr. Toosy pegs, interrupting himself, to throw in a word of explanation, "by way of it. It's Latin, or Greek, I guess, though I never learned either. Ugh! ain't Latin nice, though?" added the owner of the sickly complexion, with a grimace of intense disgust.

"I tried it for six weeks, one time, with an apothecary; and then, as it began to throw me into a decline, I gave it up. Not any more. I'm very much obliged to you."

Three days after that the vessel touched the wharf at New York. And after two days'

delay, which Mr. Toosy pegs required to get his "land legs" on, they set off for Baltimore.

In due course of time that goodly city was reached, and one week after, the whole party arrived at Judestown—a thriving country town on the sea-coast, called then after the first settler, but known by another name, now.

Driving through the town, they reached the suburbs, and entered a more thinly-settled part of the country. Gleaming here and there through the trees, they could catch occasional glimpses of the bright waters of the Chesapeake, and hear the booming of the waves on the low shore.

Turning an abrupt angle in the road, they drove down a long, steep, craggy path, toward a gloomy mountain gorge, at sight of which Mr. Toosy pegs so far forgot himself as to take off his hat and wave it over his head, with a feeble "Hooray for Dismal Hollow!" which so scandalized that strict Christian, his aunt, that she gave him a look beneath which he wilted down, and was heard no more.

"What an ugly old place! I won't go there!" exclaimed Little Raymond, with a strong expression of contempt.

And truly it did not look very inviting.

The mountain, which, by some convulsion of nature, seemed to have been violently rent in twain, was only passable by a narrow, dangerous bridle-path. Down in the very bottom of this deep, gloomy gorge, stood an old, time-worn building of what had once been red brick, with dismal, black, broken window shutters, that at some far-distant time might have been green. A range of dilapidated barns and outhouses spread away behind, and in front, some hundred yards distant, ran a slender rivulet, which every spring became swollen into a foaming torrent.

Here the sun never penetrated; no living creature was to be seen, and a more gloomy and dismal spot could hardly have been found in the wide world. Even the gipsy queen looked round with a sort of still amaze that any one could be found to live here, while Miss Priscilla elevated both hands in horror, and in the dismay of the moment was surprised into the profanity of exclaiming: "Great Jemini!"

"It's the ugliest old place ever was, and I won't go there!" reiterated Master Raymond, kicking viciously at Mr. Toosy pegs, to whom, with an inward presentiment, he felt he owed it fixed up a little, after a spell. The negroes have let things go to waste since I went away."

"Humph! Should think they had!" said Miss Priscilla, with a disdainful snuff. "Nothing but trees, and rocks, and mountains split him two; hand what your blessed father, which lies now a hangle in some nasty, swampy graveyard, could have been thinking about, with that 'orrid little river before the door, to build a 'ouse in such a spot, which must hover heavy when it rains, his mother as I can't tell—drowning him in his beds, as it will be sure to do, some fine morning or other. Wah! wah!"

"It is rather dull-looking, now," said Mr. Toosy pegs apologetically; "but wait till we get it fixed up a little, after a spell. The negroes have let things go to waste since I went away."

"Humph! Should think they had!" said Miss Priscilla, with a disdainful snuff. "Nothing but trees, and rocks, and mountains split him two; hand what your blessed father, which lies now a hangle in some nasty, swampy graveyard, could have been thinking about, with that 'orrid little river before the door, to build a 'ouse in such a spot, which must hover heavy when it rains, his mother as I can't tell—drowning him in his beds, as it will be sure to do, some fine morning or other. Wah! wah!"

"The negroes have let things go to waste since I went away."

"Come, Horlander Toosy pegs, get up hot out of that, lying there in this musty hold room, face and nail plastered over with mud, which enough to give you the rheumatism the longest day you live, without the first spark of a fire—so it is!"

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"Come, Horlander To

till a policeman, who just then saw a woman lying on the ground, and took her for a drunken vagrant, came and touched her with his staff, ordering her to get up and go on.

The poor woman obeyed with an alacrity that showed her to be no drunkard. Clasping her hands to her head, to see if the bruise she had received had not knocked it off, she broke into shrieks and wild entreaties for help, to catch the villain who had knocked her down and carried off her young mistress.

But the carriage was out of sight long before she could explain the matter to the policeman. Different counsels were given by several individuals whom the noise of the "row" had gathered together, and poor Catherine, unable to decide on what to do, was fain to betake herself to the house of one of her acquaintances, where she bemoaned the outrage and her loss amid sympathizing exclamations.

Rashleigh lifted Elodie upon the seat of the carriage and removed the cloak from her head. He thought she had fainted; when he found her in possession of her senses, he closed the window; but neither of them spoke a word till the carriage stopped.

It had drawn up—according to instructions—in a lonesome side-street near the East river, before a small two and a half story house of dingy brick, in one of the lower windows of which was a milliner's sign. The mistress of the establishment plied a small trade in bonnets, and kept a lodging-house for laboring men engaged on the wharves. She was an old crony of Rashleigh's, and the sister of his first wife.

He stepped out of the vehicle and told Elodie to follow him, assisting her as she obeyed. The door was opened even before he could ring the bell; he having stopped an instant to pay the driver. An elderly woman stood, holding the door partly open, and peering at the newcomers.

Rashleigh whispered to her, and with a nod, she took the young girl's hand and led her up the narrow, dirty stairs partly covered with rag-carpeting. A lamp was burning on the landing; this she took up, and opened the door of a room looking to the back of the house by a single window. Elodie gazed helplessly in her face as she suffered herself to be led in. Was there a gleam of human kindness to which she could appeal?

The woman was over fifty years old, and had a most forbidding countenance. Her face was gaunt, wrinkled and sallow. The small, sunken gray eyes had an expression of malignant ferocity blended with greed, that froze the very soul of the unhappy girl. Her sinewy frame betokened strength the captive's girlish struggles could never overcome. She saw at a glance that she could hope for nothing from the woman's pity, and sunk with a moan on the low chair placed for her.

The woman asked if she would have supper. The poor girl declined to eat anything. Then her jailer set down the lamp, making a muttered apology for the absence of a fire, as she "had not expected company," and withdrew, locking the door behind her.

Elodie lifted her head to take a brief survey of her prison-cell. It was narrow and close, and a suffocating smell pervaded it. The walls were dingy and begrimed with dust. There were no curtains to the window, but shackling and half-broken blinds excluded the light when it was daylight. The panes were dusty and cracked, but not broken. The bed was a straw mattress, covered with a dirty wadded-cotton coverlet; the sheets and pillow-cases were yellow and stained. The aspect of things was dismal beyond imagination; and the courage of the hapless prisoner sank as she looked on her surroundings.

She had exchanged comparative comfort for the horrors of the vilest den she had ever seen; the society of a woman of culture who might have been won to pity and save her, for the tyranny of a beldame whose cruel spirit looked out in every hideous feature. What was to become of her? More than ever she was in the power of her persecutor. Would she perform fall a victim to his diabolical plot?

In an agony she clasped her hands over her forehead, to still the throbbing of her burning brain. She feared she would go mad. A passionate longing for death took possession of her.

Slowly she slid down from the chair to her knees, bowing her head on her folded hands. She prayed fervently; and with the prayer came a sense of security she felt sure was inspired in answer to it. The pressure on her brain was lessened, and she wept; wept abundantly.

When she rose, her self-possession had returned. A calm was on her rebellious spirit, and hope sprung to life again. She would not yield to the abandonment of despair. A way of escape would be opened; God would save her from her cruel enemies. On one thing she determined: to be watchful for an opportunity, and if possible, not to eat or drink what might contain drugs to deprive her of reason.

The key turned in the lock, the door opened, and Rashleigh came in, carrying some stout boards and a hammer and nails. He set these down, locked the door again, picked up the lamp it gave a better light, and then took the other chair.

He began by an apology for the severity to which his "niece's" obstinacy had driven him. He had no wish to harsh her; he regretted the necessity of bringing her to such a place; but she need stay no longer than she chose; she must know that.

"You mean," said the girl, calmly, "that you will release me when I have submitted to your terms?"

"That is exactly," was the response, with an affirmative nod.

A pause ensued. "Mr. Rashleigh," Elodie resumed, almost surprised herself at her coolness and self-possession, "I know that it would be of no use to appeal to your pity, or kindness—"

"I am glad you are so rational," he began, interrupting her. She went on:

"Would you set me free, if I were to sign over to you, or your son, all my right and title to the property which you know belongs to me?"

"Certainly not, my dear; for such a transfer you have no right to make. You are not of age. Those who hold the money would laugh at me."

"But if I will give you a written promise—when you like—to pay the whole over to you as soon as I come of age?"

"Twon't do. No such promise would be binding on you, either legally or morally. 'Duress,' you know, nullifies any pledge. Then I would have to wait four years before your majority."

"But my guardian—if I write to him, he will secure you."

"He would be more likely to set the police on me, and have me sent to the State prison.

No, no, my pretty singing-bird; I've been at no little trouble to cage you; and I don't mean to let you go till I have accomplished the project I have long cherished. My services as your traveling-agent were only the preparation for that."

"For what?"

"A marriage between you and my son."

The girl shuddered from head to foot.

"I grant you he is not a bridegroom to be coveted. Nature has been a niggard to him. But the advantages will not be entirely on his side. He is a cripple as well as defective in intellect. He will be no jealous tyrant, like some husbands I could name. Much of his time may have to be passed in the hospital.

You will have unbound freedom: can come and go as you will. When your claims and his are united, there will be no further opposition to the immediate transfer of the property;

and I am the proper custodian, as the nearest relative and natural guardian of both of you."

Elodie turned away her face. She did not wish her enemy to see the expression of disgust and horror she could not represent.

"Come, child; do not be obstinate. Only yield in this, and you may command me in everything else. There is nothing you can ask which I would not do for you. Consent to obey me, and to-morrow you shall go to one of the first hotels in the city, till your own house is ready, or till you go abroad, if you choose rather to do so. Come, Elodie, trust me."

She shrank from his outstretched hand.

"Mr. Rashleigh, I will never do what you propose. No power on earth can force me to marry your son!"

"You may think better of this!" retorted her captor, gloomily.

"Never; I will die first!"

He glared at her with a terrible meaning in his eyes; but she met his gaze with proud firmness. Then he rose and taking the lamp, with the table on which it stood, to the window, he busied himself with fastening open the blinds, throwing up the sash to get at them.

The cool air refreshed the captive. She asked him timidly, if he would not leave the sash open, as the close and fetid atmosphere oppressed her, dreadfully.

"I do not care if I do," he replied. "I don't want you, child, to suffer any more than is necessary. You will find it impossible to get out or look out through the planks I shall nail up; and all the air and light you want will come through these cracks."

He went on with the work of nailing inside of the blinds thick planks, with an interval of half an inch between the upper ones, for the admission of air and light.

When the planks were fastened by driving in huge nails, they formed an impregnable barrier. No strength of a frail girl could move them.

Rashleigh drew a breath of satisfaction as he seated himself.

"That will do nicely," he observed. "You can not move one of those planks. You are a prisoner, as safe as you would be in the Tombs; till you agree to my wishes. You had better be reasonable, girl. Liberty and a life of luxury are yours on one simple condition."

"I will not have them on such terms," replied Elodie, resolutely.

"You will not even be compelled to live with your husband, if you prefer not. His state of health will be sufficient excuse."

The determination in the girl's face did not relax.

"You will be tired of this in a few days," said her captor. "It is a dismal hole for a young lady brought up so daintily. You will not go out, nor communicate with any one. Your meals—hard fare—will be brought by the woman you saw; and she is a near relation—my son's aunt—and deeply interested in his good fortune, because she will share in it."

"I shall be starved," wailed the prisoner, "for I will not eat food you may have planned."

"Give yourself no uneasiness on that score, girl," said the villain. "You need not fear that either food or drink will be drugged."

"You would have done it this very night."

"I own it; that was my first scheme; but it won't do now. You could prove the attempt by that jade Catherine; and the marriage would be set aside. No—I must have no hitch of that sort. Your full and free consent must be given, and that we shall have, before many days of this den and solitary imprisonment."

"Better life-long imprisonment—better death—than such a fate!" murmured Elodie.

"Take care, girl, how you provoke me," growled her persecutor. "Your death would be as much of a windfall to me as the marriage I mentioned."

"And better for me," she sighed, despairingly.

"If you are obstinate—with a fierce oath—" "I wouldn't mind—" His wolfish glare suppressed his horrible meaning.

"You will kill me, then!" cried Elodie.

"You dare not! You would be afraid!"

"Who knows you are here? What is I prevent my putting you out of my way, if I choose?"

"God will save me from your power, cruel, wicked man!" sobbed the girl.

"I doubt it. I see no chance for you, but to submit, or perish in your obstinacy. It will come to one or the other; and that very soon. But you shall not be starved or poisoned. You will have supper sent up directly. I'll bid you good-night, now. Whenever you make up your mind to be sensible, tell Mrs. Hazel—that is your landlady's name—and she will send word to me. But remember, you never leave this room till you leave it as my daughter—or a corpse!"

He took up the hammer and nails, drew the key from his pocket, unlocked the door and locked it again, and descended the stairs.

Half an hour afterward a plate of cold chicken, bread and rancid butter, was put inside the door, with a glass of beer. Elodie was anxious to keep up her strength and forced herself to eat a little; then threw her shawl over the bed, drew her cloak over her, and sunk into exhausted slumbers.

CHAPTER XVI.

SAVED FROM THE FIRE.

MR. THOMAS WYATT received an early call on the day following the occurrences related in former chapter. It was from a Southern gentleman; a stranger, who presented a letter.

Wyatt was hardly astonished to find it was a challenge from General Marsh. The bearer, his friend, was commissioned to make all arrangements as to time, place and weapons.

In addition to an excellent heart, young Wyatt possessed strong common sense, and pride of the right sort enough to prevent a false sense of shame from interfering with his duty. He made a frank confession of his error, fully exonerating the lady from the least shadow of blame, and taking it all to himself.

One morning Olive descended the stairs, dressed to accompany Ruhama in a drive. She had scarcely joined her, when a letter was brought in on a salver for Miss Weston; the messenger waiting for an answer.

It was from Wyndham Blount—a hurried note—entreating her presence at his mother's

"I'll perish before suffering any scandal to get afoot to her injury!" he ejaculated, with earnestness. "General Marsh must have heard her words as well as mine; and he knows her truth and goodness."

"He does," replied Colonel Beauchamp, the friend selected to conduct the affair. "He acknowledges it freely, and is full of self-reproach for his previous harsh judgment. But he does not choose that any man shall live to say he insulted his wife with impunity."

"I deserve to be shot," cried Tom, "but I will not stand up to fight with your friend!"

An exclamation of contemptuous incredulity passed over the colonel's face.

"I understand you, sir. You Southerners imagine that we who live north of the Mason-Dixon would rather make our quarrels a police affair than take the chances of getting our deserts. You mistake me; I am no coward. I am willing the General shall shoot me down the first time he meets me, and I will leave my affidavit that I deserve it. But I will not fight him because I tried to injure him."

"He demands the reparation at your hands."

"I have been a dead shot from boyhood and should be likely to hit my mark. I would not fire at him and he would not like to take aim at me, knowing that he ran no risk. The law would make it murder."

"If you are a man of honor, sir—"

"I am not, at least in this affair. I behaved like a scamp. The General might kick me, if he would, and I should have no right to object. If you will convey to the lady my humble apology, I shall be obliged to you beyond expression. I am not worthy to speak to her."

"If you are willing to make the apology to her husband, sir, I think he would be satisfied to go no further."

"You may say as much from me."

"Pardon me, but I want the apology in writing."

"As you please."

Tom drew a small escritoire on the table toward him, opened it, and took out writing papers.

"I will do you the justice, sir," remarked Colonel Beauchamp, "to say that I believe you sincerely repented for your fault; not actuated by any fear of consequences."

Tom dipped his pen, and dashed off his note without heed these words; he cared not, indeed, for any opinion formed or expressed of his conduct. His own self-respect was all he valued; and that could only be restored by voluntary humiliation and atonement.

The bearer of the challenge read over the note placed in his hands, and declared his conviction that his principal would find it satisfactory.

"Though I would have been torn by wild horses before I would have so humbled myself," he muttered, "unless I had just before mortally wounded my adversary."

"You would be afraid of having mean motives imputed to you; and would risk your life, or take another's, to keep up your reputation for bravery?"

"That is it."

"Who is the coward, then?"

The Southerner could not answer. He had received a lesson; a new one in the code of honor he had learned from boyhood. As he took his leave, he thought young Wyatt a man of true dignity, and resolved to seek his acquaintance.

But he had no opportunity. Tom waited till two or three days had passed, and there was no probability of hearing any more from the General. Then—having had his baggage in readiness some time—he took the train for the West. His friends heard the best accounts of his success and his welfare during a year or two afterward.

"How far the little candle throws its beam! So shines a good deed in a naughty world," said the greatest poet who ever lived.

And the frank self-condemnation of the conscious-stricken Tom, faithfully represented by Colonel Beauchamp, had its salutary effect upon General Marsh. It was like death to him to acknowledge himself in the wrong; but he did not hesitate when convinced that he had done so.

The same evening he admitted himself, by his latch-key, into his own house. There was no servant about, and he went quietly into the library. Olive Weston had just taken a book from one of the alcoves, and was examining it to the light, to examine it.

She saw the General, and the book fell from her hand. Before he could say a word, she fled from the room and up the stairs like a frightened fawn.

The master of the house felt his courage ebbing, in his consciousness that he had deserved to be shunned like this. If the guest so feared his presence, how would it be with the wife to whom he had caused such sorrow needlessly?

There was a rustle of silken drapery on the stairs; the patter of impetuous feet; and the next instant a pair of tender arms were flung around his neck.

"Arthur! Arthur! I have you at last! You shall not escape me again!"

"Ruhama! my true and noble wife! Can you forgive me?"

The arms clasped him more closely; the soft cheek, now wet with tears, was pressed to his; the voice murmured, "Arthur! my husband!" and could utter no more.

The General did not spare himself. His beaming sin—jealousy cruel as the grave—was brought forth in confession—shamed—and slain before the wife's eyes. Never, never would it again be indulged. It had caused him the tortures of a lost soul; it had brought him to the verge of suicide; but it was freed from its curse forever.

"The chain fell from me," he protested,

"when I heard my wronged wife, even in the bitterness of my cruel desertion, say that she really possessed your love, dearest."

THAT MORNING GONG.

BY JOE JOT, JR.

So you want to know, judge,
The cause of this here lot.
Well, I kin tell you, the hotel
Is a'fraid of a little quiet.
For it's upset by noises and such
Ruther affects my diet.

I hung out in a room last night
And I went to sleep like a sinner,
And I paid for the snoring I done—
And also for breakfast and dinner,
And as I felt as independent-like
As any trampin' tamer.

So this morning I awoke
In a very uncommon fashion,
Fell out in the hall there, judge,
I heard a terrible crashing
As if the house had gone down
And everything else was smashing.

I rose and put on my other boot
And opened the door quite wary—
Although in a general way, judge,
I'm a'fraid to be seen,
And the house I prodded into the hall
Which, just at that time, was airy.

And what should I see at the other end
But a little bit of a pinger.
From Afric's sunny fountains, jedge,
Cuttin' a monstrous figger,
Clubbin' away an old tin pan
As if he was in liquor.

He banged away with all his might,
Marked manly strength, jedge,
Then pummeled it perfectly out of shape,
Then poundied it back like blazes,
Till I thought that all pandemonium
Had broken loose from the traces.

He spi' on his hand and beat away
As if the Dickens was in it;
He rolled up his sleeve and hammered it
strong.

Till I thought it would bust every minute;
Then he'd stop the noise to catch his breath,
And invigorated begin it.

He battered it against the wall
As if to knock down the partition,
Just like a railroad collision;
He dashed it around upon the floor
And stamped on it like a spud.

I ver'ly much did see I, "Young man,
I'm opposed to thinkin' doins',
It's not satisfactory to we-uns
Even if it is to you 'uns
And of I have to hit you a spat
You'll not be found in the ruins."

He banged away as he winked his eye;
My words he did ignore 'em,
And all the answer that I got
Was "Huh! Huh! Huh! Huh!"

Then I smacked that thingumbob over his
head.

And scattered him over the floorum.

So you can finger up my fine
For I've got the money to pay it,
I'm one of those individuals, jedge,
Who's very fond of his quiet.

And I'll have it around where I reside
If I have to raise a riot.

The Condor's Manifest.

BY T. C. HARBAUGH.

It was eight o'clock at night, and Mark Compton, the confidential clerk of Gaffey & Co., Commission Merchants, found himself alone in the counting-room of the firm. He felt comfortable, with his feet so near the grate, and listened to the howling November winds with a smile. The firm had retired to cosy parlors far removed from the business quarters of the river city, and the key had been turned in the front door by the clerk. He had received instructions concerning certain correspondence which had to be ready for the morning mail, hence his presence in the counting-room at the hour we have named.

With his accustomed promptitude the letters had been written, and, for rest and recreation, the clerk had flung himself into an easy office chair. His presence was not demanded anywhere, and he did not feel like deserting a comfortable fire for the wind-swept streets.

"The Condor is coming up," he said in an audible tone to himself; "and, by my lady's love! I forgot to look at her manifest this morning."

A daily journal was within reach, and the next moment the confidential clerk was running his eye down the column of river news. Gaffey & Co. were the largest commission dealers in the city, and almost daily received consignments from the South. These consignments brought work to Mark Compton, and therefore the river column always elicited his especial attention.

On the particular night with which we deal, the "manifest" of the Southern boats soon greeted the clerk's eye, and it was while running over it that he almost started from his chair.

"There must be a mistake somewhere," he exclaimed, with his eye still riveted on the page before him. "Who could be sending such an object to me from the South—from anywhere? There surely must be another Mark Compton in the city!"

With the paper in his hand, the clerk rose and opened the ponderous "Directory" on the desk. A moment later he was running his finger down the list of Comptons, speaking audibly after this manner:

"Compton, O. C.; Compton, Nathan; Compton, Mary; Martin, Maxwell F. The mischief take it! I'm the only Mark Compton in the book!"

He closed the volume greatly perplexed, and looked at the paper again.

"By George! I'm going to claim that portion of the Condor's manifest marked to Mark Compton!" he ejaculated. "I've heard of real life mysteries, and, as this may be the only one I may ever run against, I'm going to make the most of it."

Having reached a conclusion, the confidential clerk of Gaffey & Co. donned his overcoat, lowered the gas, and left the store. He made his way to the wharf, and inquired at the steamer office if the Condor had arrived.

"Just in, Mr. Compton," answered the night clerk, who knew him as Gaffey & Co.'s "right-bower," and Mark at once proceeded to the accustomed landing of the particular packet.

Straight to the office of the clerk of the Condor he made his way, after obtaining a foot-hold on the boat, and was soon looking over the bills of lading.

At that moment the boat's clerk entered the apartment.

"Thirty-two barrels of oranges for Gaffey & Co.," he said, nodding and smiling to Mark; "and a consignment to you, Mr. Compton."

"Yes," answered the clerk, growing pale.

"A relative, I presume."

"No; a friend."

"Ah! yes, the best of friends must part," said the Condor's clerk, with a show of sympathy that almost made Compton smile. "Do you wish the deceased to-night?"

"I have come for the body," was Mark's reply, and having signed the receipt he hurried from the boat.

On the wharf he met favored draymen of Gaffey & Co. One of them he accosted:

"There's a box on board the Condor for me; see Marley, and bring it to the store as soon as possible."

The man complied by moving toward the boat, and Compton returned to the store.

"I'm in for it now," he said, with a curious smile, doffing his overcoat. "The Dickens knows what's going to come of this, and if there's another Mark Compton in the city, why, I may be reminded of a law to punish fellows who obtain goods under false pretenses. Well, if the thing shouldn't be mine, there's a train going out of the city before day," and the clerk laughed at his own words.

It was this announcement that had first startled the clerk, and he found it in the report of the Condor's manifest:

"Mark Compton, 1 corpse."

Brief as the sentence was, it was enough to startle any person, and to say that Gaffey & Co.'s confidential clerk was astounded and mystified would not be describing his feelings.

Who would send him a corpse?

More than one hundred times had he asked himself the question since reading of the terrible freight consigned to a man of his cognomans, and as often had he failed to answer it.

Finally he had resolved to await the arrival of the consignment without bothering himself further with the perplexing interrogation; but, like the ghost in Macbeth, it would not down. It tormented the poor clerk, and his torture was reaching an acme of terror when he heard the dray at the door.

The sound was a relief, and presently the long and suggestive box was in the counting-room of Gaffey & Co. After its reception Mark dismissed the drayman, after whom he locked the door, and, returning to the little room, took up a formidable-looking screwdriver.

But he did not attempt to use the instrument until he had spelled and resped his name on the box. There were the letters that spelled Mark Compton, and they were arranged in proper order. The lid of the box was well held down by screws, and at last the little shining heads received the clerk's attention. Having doffed his coat, the young man stooped down and worked with a will and in silence. The screws came out without noise; but the sweat dropped from the worker's brow.

Mark Compton's face was white and almost expressionless, and he never removed his eyes from his work.

At last the last screw was drawn, and the lifting of the lid revealed a handsome metallic coffin.

At the sight of this the confidential clerk of Gaffey & Co. started back, saying in a voice very husky now:

"A corpse it is, by heavens!"

He placed the lid in one corner of the room and returned to the coffin in the cblong box.

But over it he hesitated, while his hands itched to unscrew the lid that his eyes might fall upon the face of the dead. The coffin was extremely large; it measured at least six feet in length, and the clerk thought he could lie down and roll over in it with ease—it was so wide!

Until the lifting of the lid of the box Compton had pictured to himself the cold but beautiful face of a young girl, pillow'd in the case; but when the dimensions of the coffin greeted his eye, such thoughts vanished, and he felt inclined to pursue them with a laugh.

But at last he again fell to the work of revealing the dead face of his consignment, and he heard the ticking of his watch while he worked on the silver-headed screws.

The minutes were such that Mark Compton would not live over again for the world; and when he put aside the steel screw-driver, he drew a sigh of relief.

Slowly the heavy lid was lifted and—what did he see?

A white fabric, seemingly very fine, and underneath the faint contour of a face heavenward turned.

"This is a mystery of the dead!" said the confidential clerk, drawing back from the concealed face. "I've a mind to shut the thing up again and get John to cart it back to the Condor. It isn't mine, I know it isn't, and the sight of the face under the sheet may haunt me through life!"

But talk and argue as he might, Mark Compton could not overcome his curiosity; and unable to restrain himself, he bent over the coffin and his fingers gently touched the shroud.

Slowly he lifted it, and saw a face that seemed to grin at him with all the facial humor of a circus clown's.

Instantly the sheet was dropped, and the clerk started back with a gasp of horror.

There was no mistaking the fact that the mystery of the grinning dead face had frightened Mark Compton.

After a long while he crept toward the coffin again.

The shroud in falling from his hands had left the face partly uncovered, and while stooping to remove it altogether, an exclamation fell from his lips.

"Corse, the Dickens!" he cried. "It's some of Colby's doings. I'd forgotten him!"

The next moment Mark Compton's hands seized the laughing face, and had flung it across the room.

Where it had lain was a letter, lifting which the clerk caught sight of the illuminated ends of several cigar boxes.

The coffin was filled with the best brands of Havana cigars.

"Luke Colby, I'll pay you for this if it takes a century of scheming," ejaculated Compton, calling to mind the jovial member of the Sonthorn branch of the house of Gaffey & Co. —Luke Colby.

Undoubtedly at that very moment, in some rich parlor in New Orleans, he was laughing over his hoax.

"I'll plan my revenge in the smoke of his cigars," said Gaffey & Co.'s confidential clerk.

"If they kill me they cannot torture me more than they have already. This is the ghastliest joke on record. Confound you, Luke Colby! May your grandfather unexpectedly visit you some day in his wooden bale!"

The next morning Gaffey & Co. discovered the joke, and the counting-room rang with boisterous merriment.

The laugh was on Compton, and the poor fellow, puffing furiously on a cigar, swore revenge on the invertebrate joker who had frightened him "almost out of his boots."

Whether the tables were ever turned on Colby I do not know; but I have told, as best I could, the story of the Condor's Manifest.

A Game for Life or Death.

BY COLONEL PRENTISS INGRAM.

It was night in the camp of Maximilian's army, and sounds of merriment were heard upon all sides, for soldiers are ever wont to indulge in pleasure, regardless of what the morrow will bring forth.

In a tent in the inner circle of the camp sat two officers at a rude table, upon which was marked with lead pencil a chess, or checker

board, while black and white buttons served for the "men."

Around the tent were stationed guards, and both of the officers were unarmed, while not a weapon of any description was visible in their canvas.

They were prisoners: soldiers in the service of Juarez, captured the day before; but their appearance indicated that they were not Mexican.

one face death with such perfectly calm indifference, as did your friend.

"He gave the order to the platoon to fire,

and fell instantly; but, ere he died, he wrote

this note to you," and the American Imperialist handed a slip of paper to Capoul, and, turning, left the tent.

Capoul's bold hand was written:

"CAROUPE—

"I give my life away to save you, for I loved

Mabel too dearly ever to let her brother die where

I could sacrifice instead.

"I dare tell you this now, for I stand on the brink

of my open grave."

Farewell! GARNET."

A bitter night of sorrow passed Capoul Monteth in that lonely tent, for he knew his friend had spoken the truth, and when months after the star of Maximilian's crown had set in gloom, and he resigned from the army of the successful Juarez, he wended his way homeward with a heavy heart, for he could not forget that Mexican soil covered the noble man who had fallen, a sacrifice to save his life.

Three years passed away after the game for

life or death, and one pleasant evening, toward

the sunset-hour, a horseman was riding slowly

along a highway, traversing a fertile valley of a

South-western State.

Three years had added more dignity to the

face, and perhaps saddened it; but otherwise

no change had ever come over Capoul Mon-

teith's fine features.

Upon his right hand, setting back from the

road, was a pretty little farm-house, surround-

ed by fertile fields, and the sight promising

well for a night's "lodging for man and beast."

Capoul turned in at the white gateway, and rode up to the front door, and dismounted.

The owner of the mansion descended the

steps to greet him, and Capoul Monteth stood

face to face with Garnet Weston.

"My God! has the grave given up its dead?"

Capoul, in dismay.

"No, old fellow, you find me flesh and

blood, ready and willing to give you a hearty

welcome to this home of mine.

Like one in a dream Garnet Weston listened,

and then in despair determined to seek some

more stirring field, where the image of his lost

love would not be ever before him.

A month later found him a cavalry captain

in the army of Benito Juarez, where

he was miserable when not in her presence, and

she believed she cared for him; but his pride

was great, and he would not offer a pauper

hand to a belle and an heiress, and so struggled

hard to win fortune and fame in his profes-

sion.